

words contain! How human reason fails before them! And how faith is vindicated by them! The Apostles did not reason about them. In the simplicity and plenitude of their faith, knowing that He who spoke was Truth, they believed and received as so many faithful Christians were to believe and receive in after years. There was the culmination of the Christian religion. In that hour, in that upper room of Jerusalem on the night before He suffered He created the Eternal Priesthood and the Eternal Sacrifice of the New Law, revealing the whole mystery of His life and fulfilling at once all the figures and all the types and all the prophecies which foreshadowed this stupendous moment. Here was the sublime Sacrifice which was henceforth and for ever to atone for the sins of men, the infinite ransom which was worthy of being offered to an offended God. It was not for once only. It was for all time. And through it men were to be made participators of all the benefits of the Passion which was to take place on the morrow and to be represented mystically on our altars by the Mass until the end of the world. By eating His Body and drinking His Blood worthily man was to be united in spiritual and material bonds with the Lamb, who offered Himself for our sins; by the renewal of that Sacrifice on the altars of the Catholic Church the fire of God's Love was to be kept burning for ever, and the Innocent Victim was to take upon Himself the burden of the sins of mankind who were powerless to atone for their rebellion against God until the Son clothed Himself with our infirmities and expiated for them by His Death. This is what we commemorate on Holy Saturday: this and unspeakably more is contained in one Mass at which we assist by virtue of Christ's divine, creative words on the night of the Last Supper. All the old sacrifices are gathered up and renewed and perfected in one Mass: the sacrifice of the Cross is brought in contact with our souls by every Mass: God Himself is offered in sacrifice to the Eternal Father: a God adores our Creator and our Redeemer for us: a God appeases our Judge: a God impetrates on our behalf at the throne of the Divine Mercy. In the presence of this miracle of Love we must humble ourselves and pray for the faith of the Apostles in order that appreciating all it means we may be duly grateful for all that our Lord did for us on that first Holy Thursday night.

The vengeance of God upon sinful people in pre-Christian years was terrible. His punishments at the present day are so obvious that we cannot ignore them. We have not the devouring fire nor the devastating floods in which the Jews saw God's hand so unmistakably; but we have our own scourges, and if we do not see in them signs of the wrath of God it is because we are blinded by sin and worldliness. The Pope has pointed out to us that sin and greed and lust are the causes of the war, and no other explanation is possible for a war that is waged in defiance of common sense and with disregard for human life and the sufferings of helpless peoples. The sin and the greed and the lust continue, and even grow greater, in spite of the years of punishment through which the world has gone without being purified; and because the sins continue and there is no humility nor penance among the nations the hand of God is still heavy on His people. "Without the Holy Mass," says Saint Leonard, "I am convinced the world would be already overwhelmed under the weight of its iniquities." In the Mass we have a constant means of appealing powerfully to God, and it is because so few—so comparatively few—turn to Him in prayer at the present day that He permits the terrible suicidal war to go on year after year, with, humanly speaking, as little sign of the end as there was three years ago. In the Mass the faithful few will find their strength and consolation amid all the tribulations brought on the world by men who have forgotten God. In the Mass those who are parted from their friends will find a close union and a constant comfort in the hours of loneliness and anxiety, and they who know that they shall never again in this

life look on the face of the loved ones whom the war has taken will find the only source of strength and the only consolation worth having in the thought that the Mass is a living bond between them and the dear dead whom they assist and whose sufferings in Purgatory they shorten and lighten every time they are present at the Sacrifice of the Lamb of God. We will all recall these things during the present Holy Week. We will try to realise as we never did before all the Mass means. We will remember the living who need our prayers, and the dead whom nothing but our prayers can help now, and the sinners whose hearts may yet be softened by God's mercy through our prayers when in commemoration of the Last Supper the Divine Victim is again elevated on the altar as a living and continual sacrifice for the whole world.

*O, saving Victim! open wide
The gate of heaven to men below!
Sore press our foes from every side:
Thine aid supply, Thy strength bestow.*

.. NOTES ..

Modern Prophets

There are several, but here we confine our remarks to two whose names are often coupled because they are friends in life although there is a wide world between them as men of letters: Belloc and G. K. Chesterton. Personally let us confess with all humility we do not appreciate Belloc. He is a writer of fine English. He has been compared to Rabelais. He was regarded as an oracle on war matters. He is a scholar of no small attainments. All these things we concede willingly, and still we profess that we do not worship at his shrine. With an uncharitable satisfaction we have twice seen him taken to task on account of his oracular statements, and the satisfaction was increased by the fact that he lost his temper at being corrected and behaved like a cross child. Two of his books we candidly admire: one is *The Servile State*, the other, *Four Men. Of The Path to Rome* let us say that we have gone to Rome half a dozen times and by half a dozen roads, but never by as weary a way as his book. Radically our objection to Hilaire Belloc is akin to poor Tom Kettle's, who could stand any sort of loquacity except *Bellocquacity*.

G.K.C.

To the other of the two we give our allegiance unreservedly and unhesitatingly. We believe that there is no saner writer in English to-day than Mr. Chesterton, and not one from whom the man in the street can learn so much and to so much account. Mr. Chesterton has his critics. Many disagree with his principles—for he is one of the few writers of English who stands fast by principles and other old-fashioned things. Others find fault with his style, or what they might call the want of style. Here let us remember the French saying: *Le style c'est l'homme*—the style is the man: never was it truer. He had adventured like most men who have walked the pavements of Fleet Street on the sea of philosophic and religious speculation, and had been lost in fogs through which no beacon sent a guiding ray of light. He had stained his hands with the dust of the Dead Sea Fruit of modern systems. He had known the ways of them who, ostrich-like, hide their heads in the sand and proclaim that they see no God. And when sick in spirit at the emptiness of all the systems and the shallowness of all the depths he found Christianity for himself. He has the exuberant boisterousness of a boy, and it is with a shout of joy he proclaims his discovery to a weary world. He is noisy, but it is wrong to conclude that he must be on that account empty: his good-humored joviality is begotten of fullness. They who are pained by his paradoxes ought to consider that his paradoxes are noisy exactly because they are explosions and it is